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## Entertaining Knowledge.

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### JUGGERNAUT.

THE description given by Mr. Sutton of what he witnessed during the Rhut Jattra, in 1827, is striking and appalling. Approaching the cars when a storm was commencing, he observes—

“ Just as I came within sight of the cars the storm came on violently—the thunder roared, the lightning flashed, and the rain poured down in torrents, as if the elements had conspired together to manifest their indig-nance at the insults offered to the Majesty of heaven. In about an hour the storm subsided, and the business of idolatry proceeded. The scattered multitude, which dispersed in every direction at the bursting of the storm, again assembled at the deafening sound of the tomtoms, and the discordant clanging of the barbarous trumpets. Here I beheld a promiscuous multitude prostrate before the all-commanding Mahamah (glory) of Juggernaut, unrestrained by the mud, or even the water, though knee deep, which the last soaking storm had left. There was seen a zealous mother bowing down her infant's head before the idol, and thus early initiating her tender offspring into the degradation of idolatry. In another place was a group of men, women, and children, bowing down with profound reverence, so that they might touch with their foreheads the ropes of the different cars; and in some conspicuous spot, a devotee, eager to distinguish himself, advancing with clasped hands and steady eye towards the idol, till a clear space was afforded him, he threw himself flat on his face, and worshipped; he lay perhaps

a few moments, then half raising himself, stretches forth his hands towards the idol, mutters a repetition, and then prostrates himself afresh before his god. But suddenly the scene changes—a shout is heard—a body, perhaps, of 2000 men, armed with sticks and boughs, rush forward to the cars; a louder shout is heard—the people seize the huge ropes;—the clanging of instruments sounds with a more vehement peal, and the car moves on, but it moves with a tardy pace: and to animate the draggers of the ponderous vehicle, one of Juggernaut's adorers stepped forward to the extreme front of the car, and practised the most licentious gestures that an impure imagination can conceive of; he then exerts his stentorian lungs in as abominable expressions; and again he turned towards the god, and repeated his abomination. The god was pleased, the draggers were fired with fresh zeal, and the enormous load, as it rolled on its 16 wheels, grated harsh thunder, but they ran foul of a house, and crushed the falling ruins.

They still proceeded, women and men of all descriptions and casts, united to drag the ponderous wain. Presently two miserable wretches are seen, one with his shattered arm and another his writhing back, bleeding and torn by the destructive car, whether accidentally or intentionally or unintentionally I know not. All seems infernal revelry; the wretches in the rhuts, with their obscenity; the wonder-gazing mob with their vociferations; the crowds of women with their jarring hoot (a noise something like that made by a bird called an Eve Jar on a fine summer's evening in England, the indescribable noise of the harsh sounding instruments; the gay colors and long streamers of the cars; the ugly shape and great staring eyes of the idols; the mad enthusiasm of the vast multitude; and a thousand things which can scarce be described; all tend to impress one with the idea of a holiday in hell, with its blaspheming monarch riding in triumph through his fallen associates.

Oh idolatry! idolatry! thou destroyer of body and soul, when shall thy infernal influence be curtailed, and thy long-extended reign be brought to a close, and thy power to curse mankind be known no more? Ah Chris-

tian, what should be thy prayer? but the shout is again heard, and again and again the scene is acted, till the three cars have reached the assigned distance for the night. I then went forth and distributed books to as many as could read, and bade farewell to the intoxicating throng for the night."

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**THE ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY OF NATIONS.****ANCIENT SACRED HISTORY.**

The *next* period of this history begins from the government of the Israelites, in the year B. C. 1095, by kings, and continues to the end of the Babylonish captivity, which includes a space of five hundred and fifty-nine years.

The principal fact that happened during the history of the kings, is the schism that happened in the reign of Rehoboam, when the people were divided into two parts, and thence into two distinct kingdoms, Judah and Israel. Three kings only reigned over Israel in its undivided state, viz. Saul, David, and Solomon. The ten tribes revolting from Rehoboam, made choice of Jeroboam for their king, consequently Rehoboam and his successors henceforth governed only the two tribes of Judah and Benjamin. From that time the kings of Judah are to be distinguished from those of Israel, to which the reader of the Old Testament should pay attention, if he would well understand the narrative. Of the kings of Judah the most remarkable in history were, Rehoboam, through whose weakness and folly the kingdom was divided; Jehoiachim, who was conquered by Nebuchadnezzar, and carried into Babylonish captivity; and Zedekiah, under whom Jerusalem was taken and destroyed, and the rest of the Jews carried into captivity. Jerusalem was the capital and residence of the kings of Judah; and Samaria the royal city of the monarchs of Israel.

The most celebrated among the kings of Israel were Jeroboam, the founder of the new kingdom; Ahab, known for his impiety and persecution of the prophets; and Hosea, in whose reign the royal city of Samaria

was besieged and taken by the Assyrians, and the ten tribes carried away into captivity.

Under the first kings divine worship was confined to the ark and the tabernacle. But in the reign of Solomon, the temple, which was called after his name, was built, and became the place of religious worship. This has been called the prophetic æra, as more than thirty prophets flourished during this period.

The Hebrews were much attached to, and skilful in the practice of agriculture, but are generally supposed to have neglected the liberal arts; architecture and navigation must, however, have been well understood by them, of which their foreign merchandize and the magnificence of Solomon's temple are sufficient proofs.

The fifth period of sacred history includes a space of time amounting to three hundred and seventy-two years, commencing from the end of the Babylonish captivity to the times of the Maccabees.

The Babylonish captivity lasted seventy years, at the end of which, Cyrus, King of Persia, permitted them to return to their own country, where they were governed, first, by Zerubbabel, by whom they had been conducted home, and who laid the foundation of the second temple; and afterwards by Nehemiah, who inclosed Jerusalem with walls, and wrote a history of his own times. After the death of Nehemiah the supreme power devolved upon the high priests. To Esdras, a priest, we are indebted for the collection, revision, and transcript of the books of the Old Testament. In this period the Jews were subject to the Persians, and afterwards were under the dominion of the Greeks. Under the Persian monarchs they were treated with the greatest clemency, but endured the most rigorous oppressions while they were under the power of the Greeks, particularly in the reign of Ptolemy Lagus, who carried a hundred thousand Jews into slavery.

The Massorets, a set of grammarians held sacred among the Jews, arose in this period, by whose care and labors the sacred text has been preserved in the state in which we find it. The books of kings, Chron-

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icles, Esdras, Nehemiah, and Esther, were written in this era; also the *septuagint* translation of the Hebrew scriptures, which, as the title denotes, is ascribed to the labors of seventy learned Jews.

The *sixth* period of scripture history begins with the family of the Maccabees, and continues till the reign of Herod the Great, containing one hundred and twenty-four years. In this period the contending sects of the Pharisees and Sadducees rose up; the Pharisees, in general, took the lead in number, and also on account of their supposed piety and austerity of manners, which recommended them to the people; they were the strenuous asserters of Jewish traditions. The Sadducees were inferior in numbers, but supported by the favor of the great, gave much trouble to the Pharisees. In fact, the Sadducees seem to have been quite Latitudinarians in principle, which probably rendered them very acceptable to the heathens. Besides these there was a great variety of other sects, which it is not necessary to notice in this place.

The institution of the Sanhedrim or grand senate, is referred to this period, which consisted of persons venerable for age, and remarkable for wisdom and knowledge, by whose authority the power of the reigning prince was, in a great measure, restrained within certain prescribed limits. This period is likewise celebrated for the encouragement given to literature by the Maccabean princes.

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#### CIRCLE OF THE SCIENCES, WITH SUITABLE REFLECTIONS.

##### ASTRONOMICAL SKETCHES—NO. II.

Besides the revolution of the Sun round its axis in 25 days, 14 hours, and his irregular motion about the centre of gravity of the solar system, he appears to have a progressive motion in absolute space. As all the bodies of this system naturally partake of this motion, it can only be perceptible from a change in the fixed stars, to which the system is advancing, or from which it recedes. This change of place, or proper motion in

the fixed stars, as it is called, was first observed by Halley, and afterwards by Le Monnier. If the Sun has a motion in absolute space, directed towards any quarter of the heavens, it is obvious that the stars in that quarter must appear to recede from each other, while the distance between those in the opposite region should seem gradually to diminish. The proper motion of the stars, therefore, in those opposite regions as ascertained by a comparison of ancient with modern observations, ought to correspond with this hypothesis. Dr. Herschel has examined this subject with his usual success, and he has certainly discovered the direction in which our system is advancing. He found that the apparent proper motion of about 44 stars out of 56, is very nearly in the direction which should result from a motion of the Sun towards the constellation Hercules,\* or, more accurately, to a point whose right ascension is  $250^{\circ} 52' 30''$ , and whose north polar distance is  $40^{\circ} 22'$ .

The Parallax of the Sun is computed, by some astronomers, to be  $8'' 8''$ ; by others, to be  $8'' 35''$ . Trifling as this discrepancy may appear, it makes a difference in the Sun's distance from the Earth of 4,653,138 miles: and the difference of  $1''$ , or the 60th part of 1 minute of a degree, makes a difference in the computation of the Earth's distance from the Sun of 10,000,000 of miles.

The Sun is the fountain of light, heat, and animation to all the planets which revolve around him; and God is the Father of Lights to all His rational creatures. From Him all his people derive their light and power; through His influence they grow in grace, and live a life of faith, love, and obedience. The Ministers of his word shine by reflection; from Him they receive their light, spiritual life, and ability to dispense the word of salvation; and their success in promoting his glory depends upon His agency. Without Him they are nothing, and can do nothing. The light and heat of the Sun are not more essential to the production,

\* A northern constellation, which lies between the stars Arcturus and Lyra.

growth, and perfection of vegetation, than the light and influence of God are to the spiritual life and usefulness of the Ministers of his word. It is this divine influence which awakens, enlightens, quickens, and purifies the souls of men. He is the Sun of Righteousness, and the beams of his mercy are as free as the beams of that sun which shines upon the evil and upon the good.

The Sun is the common centre of attraction to all the planets. This will appear from their unequal motions at different times. When these immense bodies approach the Sun, their motion is accelerated; but as they recede from the Sun, their motion is retarded. The motion of the Earth is fully proved to be quicker in the winter than in the summer, because the Earth is nearer the Sun in the former than in the latter time of the year. Indeed, all the motions of the heavenly bodies, connected with the solar system, fully prove that the Sun is the great attractive power to all the planets and comets; and that it is his influence which retains them in their respective orbits.

Mercury is the nearest planet to the Sun, and revolves round him in 87 days, 23 hours, 15 minutes, 44 seconds, at the rate of 109,400 miles an hour. The diameter of this planet is 3,130 miles. Its rotation on its axis is performed in 24 hours, 5 minutes, 28 seconds. Its distance from the Sun is 37,000,000 of miles.

Mercury moves in an orbit within the orbits of Venus and the Earth; and changes his phases, like the Moon, according to his positions with regard to the Earth and the Sun. This small planet is seldom seen, being generally hid from our sight in the solar rays.

We are not to suppose that the heat of this planet is in proportion to its short distance from the Sun, when compared with our Earth; for the quantity of heat received by a planet depends entirely on the state of its atmosphere. Some parts of our Earth are covered with perpetual snow and ice, though exposed to the rays of a vertical sun; which fully proves that the light and heat which a planet derives from the sun depends more on the density or rarity of its atmosphere than

on its distance from that luminary. From the same principle we may infer that the light of Saturn and Herschel may be equal to that of our Earth, although the one is ten times, and the other twenty times, further from the Sun than we are.

The planet Venus is the next in order to Mercury. Her orbit is also within the orbit of the Earth, but without the orbit of Mercury; consequently she is never seen in opposition to the Sun. The diameter of Venus is 7,700 miles; very near as great as the diameter of the Earth, though she appears so small to the eye of the observer. Her distance from the Sun is 68,000,000 of miles; from the Earth, when nearest, 27,000,000. Her annual revolution is performed in 224 days, 16 hours, 49 minutes, at the rate of 80,000 miles an hour; and her diurnal rotation is performed in 23 hours, 15 minutes, 40 seconds.

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**EXAMPLES FROM HISTORY.****FILIAL LOVE.**

The ancient Romans, as well as some other people, gave parents the absolute right of life and death over their children; and the Chinese, at present, are remarkable for the reverence they exact from children to their parents. Their punishment of parricide, if such a thing ever happens, is the most exemplary and severe: the criminal in this case is cut into ten thousand pieces, which are afterwards burned; his houses and lands are destroyed, and even the houses that stand near them; to remain as monuments of so detested a crime: or, rather, that all remembrance of so abominable a villany may be effaced from the earth!

Let their commands be ever sacred in your ears, and implicitly obeyed, where they do not contradict the commands of God: pretend not to be wiser than they who have had so much more experience than yourselves; and despise them not, if happily you should be so blest as to have gained a degree of knowledge or of fortune superior to them. Let your carriage towards

them be always respectful, reverent, and submissive : let your words be always affectionate and humble ; and especially beware of pert and ill-seeming replies ; of angry, discontented, and peevish looks. Never imagine, if they thwart your wills, or oppose your inclinations, that this arises from any thing but love to you : solicitous as they have ever been for your welfare, always consider the same tender solicitude as exerting itself, even in cases most opposite to your desires ; and let the remembrance of what they have done and suffered for you ever preserve you from acts of disobedience, and from paining those good hearts which have already felt so much for you, their children.

Doubtless you have all too much ingenuousness of temper, to think of repaying the fears and bleeding anxieties they have experienced for your welfare by deeds of unkindness, which will pierce them to the soul ; which will perhaps break the strings of a heart of which you, and you only, have long had the sole possession ! No, my young friends, so far from this, you will think it the greatest happiness of your lives to follow your blessed Saviour's example, and to show the most tender concern for your parents ; particularly if, like his, your's should happen to be a widowed parent ; a mother deprived of her chief happiness and stay, by the loss of a husband ; for which nothing can compensate, but the dutiful and affectionate behaviour of her children ; who are bound, in that case, to manifest double kindness, and to alleviate, by all the tenderness and affection imaginable, the many difficulties and sorrows of widowhood.

#### EXAMPLES.

A beautiful illustration of this virtue will be found in the scriptural story of Naomi and Ruth, in the first chapter of Ruth, which is particularly recommended to the young reader's attention.

CYRUS, King of Persia, having conquered Crœsus, King of Lydia, in battle, the latter fled into Sardis ; but Cyrus following, took the city by storm ; and a soldier running after Crœsus with a sword, young

Crœsus, his son, who had been born dumb, and had so continued to that hour, from the mere impulse of natural affection, seeing his father in such imminent danger, suddenly cried out, "O man, kill not Crœsus;" and continued to enjoy the faculty of his speech all the rest of his life.

MILTIADES, a famous Athenian commander, died in prison, where he had been cast for debt. His son Cimon, to redeem his father's body for burial, voluntarily submitted himself a prisoner in his room, where he was kept in chains till the debt was paid.

OLYMPIAS, the mother of Alexander the Great, was very morose and severe towards him: yet when Antipater, Alexander's deputy in Europe, wrote letters of great complaint against her to Alexander, the latter sent the following answer: "Knowest thou not, that one little tear of my mother's will blot out a thousand of thy letters of complaint?"

As some Christian captives at Algiers, who had been ransomed, were going to be discharged, the cruisers brought in a Swedish vessel, among the crew of which was the father of one of those ransomed captives. The son made himself known to the old man; but their mutual unhappiness at meeting in such a place may well be conceived. The young man, however, considering that the slavery his father was about to undergo would inevitably put an end to his life, requested that he might be released, and himself detained in his room; which was immediately granted. But when the story was told to the governor, he was so affected with it, that he caused the son likewise to be discharged, as the reward of his filial and exemplary tenderness.

BOLESLAUS the Fourth, King of Poland, had a picture of his father, which he carried about his neck, set in a plate of gold; and when he was going to say or do any thing of importance, he took this pleasing monitor in his hand, and kissing it, used to say, "My dear father, may I do nothing remissly, or unworthy of thy name!"

Among the incredible number of persons who were proscribed under the second triumvirate of Rome, were

the celebrated orator Cicero, and his brother Quintus. When the news of the proscription was brought to them, they endeavoured to make their escape to Brutus in Macedon. They travelled together for some time, mutually condoling their bad fortune : but as their departure had been very precipitate, and they were not furnished with money, and other necessaries for the voyage, it was agreed that Cicero should make what haste he could to the sea-side to secure their passage, and that Quintus should return home to make more ample provision. But, as in most houses there are as many informers as domestics, his return was immediately made known, and the house in consequence filled with soldiers and assassins. Quintus concealed himself so effectually that the soldiers could not find him. Enraged at their disappointment, they put his son to the torture, in order to make him discover the place of his father's concealment : but filial affection was proof in this young Roman against the most exquisite torments. An involuntary sigh, and sometimes a deep groan, was all that could be extorted from the generous youth. His agonies were increased ; but, with amazing fortitude, he still persisted in his resolution not to betray his father. Quintus was not far off ; and it may better be imagined than it can be expressed, how the heart of a father must have been affected with the sighs and groans of a son expiring in torture to save his life. He could bear it no longer : but, quitting the place of his concealment, he presented himself to the assassins, beseeching them with a flood of tears to put him to death, and dismiss the innocent child, whose generous behaviour the triumvirs themselves, if informed of the fact, would judge worthy of the highest approbation and reward. The inhuman monsters, however, unmoved by the tears of the father or the son, answered that they both must die ; the father because he was proscribed, and the son because he had concealed his father. Upon this a new contest of tenderness arose, who should die first ; which however, the assassins soon decided, by beheading them both at the same time.

The Emperor of China on certain days of the year pays a visit to his mother, who is seated on a throne to receive him; and four times on his feet, and as often on his knees, he makes her a profound obeisance, bowing his head even to the ground. The same custom is also observed throughout the greatest part of the empire; and if it appears that any one is negligent or deficient in his duty to his parents, he is liable to a complaint before the magistrates, who punish such offenders with much severity. This, however, is seldom the case; no people, in general, expressing more filial respect and duty than they.

Sir Thomas Moore seems to have emulated this beautiful example; for, being Lord Chancellor of England at the same time that his father was a Judge of the King's Bench, he would always on his entering Westminster Hall, go first to the King's Bench, and ask his father's blessing, before he went to sit in the Court of Chancery, as if to secure success in the great decisions of his high and important office.

During an eruption of Mount *Ætna*, many years since, the danger it occasioned to the inhabitants of the adjacent country became very imminent, and the flames flying about, they were obliged to retire to a greater distance. Amidst the hurry and confusion of such a scene (every one flying and carrying away whatever they deemed most precious) two sons, the one named Anapias, the other Amphinomus, in the height of their solicitude for the preservation of their wealth and goods, recollect ed their father and mother, who, being both very old, were unable to save themselves by flight. Filial tenderness set aside every other consideration; and, "Where (cried the generous youths) shall we find a more precious treasure than those who begat and gave us being?" This said, the one took up his father on his shoulders, the other his mother, and so made their way through the surrounding smoke and flames. The fact struck all beholders with the highest admiration; and they and their posterity ever after called the path they took in their retreat, "The Field of the Pious," in memory of this pleasing incident.

A woman of distinction in Rome had been condemned to a capital punishment. The prætor accordingly delivered her up to the triumvir, who caused her to be carried to prison, in order to be put to death. The gaoler, who had orders to execute her, was moved with compassion, and could not resolve to kill her: he determined therefore to let her die of hunger: besides which, he suffered her daughter to see her in prison, taking care, however, to have her diligently examined, lest she might bring her sustenance. As this continued many days, he was surprised that the prisoner lived so long without eating: and suspecting the daughter, he watched her, and discovered that (like the famous Xantippe, daughter of Cymon) she nourished her parent with the milk of her own breasts. Amazed at so pious, and at the same time so ingenious a device, he ventured to tell the fact to the triumvir, and the triumvir mentioned it to the prætor, who thought the circumstance worthy of being related in the assembly of the people. The criminal was pardoned; a decree passed, that the mother and daughter should be subsisted for the residue of their lives at the expense of the public, and to crown the whole, that a temple, "Sacred to Piety," should be erected near the prison.

EPAMINONDAS, the Thebean general, being asked what was the most pleasing event that had happened to him in his whole life, cheerfully answered, "It was that he had obtained his glorious victory over the Leuctrians at a time when his father and mother were both living to enjoy the news."

While Octavius was at Samos, after the famous battle of Actium, which made him master of the universe, he held a council in order to examine the prisoners who had been engaged in Anthony's party. Among the rest was brought before him Metellus, oppressed with years and infirmities, disfigured by a long beard and dishevelled hair, but especially by his clothes, which, through his ill fortune, were become very ragged. The son of this Metellus sat as one of the judges, and at first could not easily discriminate his father through his deplorable appearance: at length however, after viewing him narrowly, having recollect-

his features, instead of being ashamed to own him, he ran to embrace the old man, and cried bitterly. Then returning toward the tribunal, "Cæsar (said he) my father has been your enemy, I your officer; he deserves to be punished, and I to be rewarded. The favour I desire of you is, either to save him on my account, or to order me to be put to death with him." All the judges were touched with commiseration at this affecting scene; and Octavius himself, relenting, granted to old Metellus his life and liberty.

DARIUS invaded Scythia with all the forces of his empire: the Scythians retreated by little and little, until they came at length to the uttermost deserts of Asia. Here Darius sent his ambassador to them, to demand where it was that they proposed to conclude their retreat, and when they intended to begin fighting. They returned him for answer, with the spirit so peculiar to that nation. "That they had no cities, nor cultivated fields, for the defence of which they should give him battle: but when he was come to the place of their fathers' sepulchral monuments, he should then understand in what manner the Scythians used to fight." So great a reverence, had even that barbarous nation for the ashes of their ancestors!

The Emperor Decimus, intending and desiring to place the crown on the head of Decius his son, the young prince refused it in the most strenuous manner, saying, "I am afraid lest, being made an emperor, I should forget that I am a son. I had rather be no emperor, and a dutiful son, than an emperor, and such a son as hath forsaken his due obedience. Let then my father bear the rule; and let this only be my empire—to obey with all humility, and to fulfil whatsoever he shall command me." Thus the solemnity was waved, and the young man was not crowned: unless it be thought that this signal piety towards an indulgent parent was a more glorious diadem to the son than that which consisted merely of gold and jewels.

LAMPROCLES, the eldest son of Socrates, fell into a violent passion with his mother. Socrates was a witness to this shameful behaviour, and attempted the correction of it in the following gentle and rational

manner. "Come hither, son," said he. "Have you never heard of men who are called ungrateful?" "Yes, frequently," answered the youth. "And what is ingratitude," demanded Socrates? "It is to receive a kindness," said Lamprocles, "without making a proper return, when there is a favorable opportunity." "Ingratitude is a species of injustice, therefore," said Socrates. "I should think so," answered Lamprocles. "If then," pursued Socrates, "ingratitude be injustice, does it not follow, that the degree of it must be proportionate to the magnitude of the favors which have been received?" Lamprocles admitted the inference; and Socrates thus pursued the interrogations. "Can there subsist higher obligations than those which children owe to their parents; from whom life is derived, supported, and by whose good offices it is rendered honorable, useful and happy?" "I acknowledge the truth of what you say," replied Lamprocles; "but who could suffer without resentment the ill humours of such a mother as I have?" "What strange thing has she done to you?" said Socrates. "She has a tongue," replied Lamprocles, "that no mortal can bear." "How much more," said Socrates, "has she endured from your wrangling, fretfulness, and incessant cries in the period of infancy? What anxiety has she suffered from the levities, capriciousness, and follies of your childhood and youth? What affliction has she felt, what toil and watching has she sustained in your illness?"

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**CABINET OF NATURE.****THE MONSOONS.**

The setting in of the Monsoon, or tropical sea wind, in the East Indies, is thus described by Forbes in his Oriental Memoirs. The scene was at Baroche, where the British army was encamped. "The shades of evening approached as we reached the ground, and just as the encampment was completed, the atmosphere grew suddenly dark, the heat became oppressive, and an unusual stillness presaged the immediate setting in

of the monsoon. The whole appearance of nature resembled those solemn preludes to earthquakes and hurricanes in the West Indies, from which the east in general is providentially free. We are allowed very little time for conjecture ; in a few minutes the heavy clouds burst over us.

"I had witnessed seventeen monsoons in India but this exceeded them all in its awful appearance and dreadful effects. Encamped in a low situation, on the borders of a lake formed to collect the surrounding water, we found ourselves in a few hours in a liquid plain. The tent-pins giving way, in a loose soil, the tents fell down and left the whole army exposed to the contending elements. It requires a lively imagination to conceive the situation of an hundred thousand human beings of every description, with more than two hundred thousand elephants, camels, horses and oxen, suddenly overwhelmed by this dreadful storm in a strange country, without any knowledge of high or low ground, the whole being covered by an immense lake, and surrounded by thick darkness, which prevented our distinguishing a single object, except such as the vivid glare of lightning displayed in horrible forms. No language can describe the wreck of a large encampment, thus instantaneously destroyed, and covered with water ; amid the cries of old men and helpless women, terrified by the piercing shrieks of their expiring children, unable to afford them relief. During this dreadful night, more than two hundred persons, and three thousand cattle perished, and the morning dawn exhibited a shocking spectacle."

The south-west monsoon generally sets in very early, in certain parts of India. "At Ajengo," observes the above author, "it commences with great severity, and presents an awful spectacle ; the inclement weather continues with more or less violence, from May to October ; during that period, the tempestuous ocean rolls from a black horizon, literally of 'darkness visible ;' a series of floating mountains heaving under hoary summits, until they approach the shore, when their stupendous accumulations flow in successive surges, and break upon the beach ; every ninth wave is observed to be generally

more tremendous than the rest, and threatens to overwhelm the settlement.—The noise of these billows equals that of the loudest cannon, and with the thunder and lightning so frequent in the rainy season, is truly awful. During the tedious monsoon I passed at Ajengo, I often stood upon the trembling sand bank, to contemplate the solemn scene, and derive comfort from that sublime and omnipotent decree. ‘Hitherto shalt thou come but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.’”

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**LIVES OF CELEBRATED CHILDREN.—NO. II.**

LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON.

*The following very interesting facts, are found in a Biography of L. M. Davidson, published lately.*

LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON, was born at Plattsburg, on Lake Champlain, September 27th, 1808. Her parents were not rich, and as soon as she was old enough to assist her mother, much of her time was devoted to domestic work. She did not love to do household work, but she always did it with cheerful good will, because she knew it was her duty, and she loved to do her duty.

When her work was done, she ran away to her books with the greatest possible delight. Even when very young, she would hide away with books, pen, ink, and paper, rather than play with her schoolmates. Her father and mother used to wonder what she did with so much paper; but she was too bashful to show what she wrote. Her mother, therefore, was much surprised, when searching in a dark closet, she found a number of little books, made of writing paper, evidently done by a child. The writing consisted of little verses, written to the pictures she had drawn on the opposite page. She cried when she found her treasures had been discovered, and when they were given to her, she took an early opportunity to burn them secretly; this shows how natural it is for people of good sense to be bashful about their own productions.

When she was nine years old, she wrote an epitaph on a dead robin, which her friends have kept.

When eleven years old, she wrote some verses on the death of Washington, which her aunt considered so good,

that she thought she must have borrowed them from some book she had read. Lucretia wept at this suspicion, as if her heart would break; for she appears to have been a pure-hearted, noble-spirited child, who would rather have been thought a fool, than be suspected of any deception. As soon as she could dry her tears, she wrote a remonstrance to her aunt in verse; and her aunt no longer doubted that she *could* write poetry.

One little anecdote is told, which shows that she was truly a good child. Her mother was so ill, as to be confined to her bed for many months; and Lucretia, then only twelve years old, not only watched her sick bed devotedly, but actually took her mother's place, in superintending all domestic affairs. At this time, a gentleman, who had seen her verses, and heard how much she loved to read, sent her twenty dollars, to buy books. At first, she was overjoyed at the thought; for she longed to increase her little library, but looking towards her mother's sick bed, the tears came into her eyes, and she said, "Take this money, dear father; it will buy many comforts for mother, I can do very well without books."

Some people who did not know how much a strong mind and a good heart could do, advised her parents not to allow her to read and write; because, they said, it would spoil her for every thing else.

Lucretia happened to hear of this; and so fearful was she of not doing right, that she gave up her books, and her pen entirely, and devoted herself all the time to household work. She did not say any thing about her resolution; but her mother noticed how melancholy she looked, and that she sometimes shed tears, and tried to conceal them.—She said to her one day, "Lucretia, it is a long time since you have written any thing." The poor girl burst into tears. "Oh, mother, I have given that up long ago!"

"But why?" asked her mother.

She dried her tears, and answered, "I am convinced, from what my friends have said, that it is wrong for me to do as I have done. We are not rich, and now my eldest sister is gone, it is my duty to do all I can to assist my parents."

Her mother, on hearing this, gave her some very good

advice : she told her not to give up her writing ; nor yet attend to it too much ; to work sometimes, and write sometimes. This would have been a healthful course, both for her body and her mind ; and perhaps it is a pity that she ever had a chance to study as much as she wanted to. Unlike other children, she could not be persuaded to leave her books ; and she made her mind work so much harder than her body, she ruined her health and lost her life.

A gentleman, who thought very highly of her abilities placed her at Mrs. Willard's famous school in Troy. Her incessant study, made her so ill that she was obliged to leave school for a time. When she recovered, she was placed at the school of Miss Gilbert, in Albany ; and there a more alarming illness soon brought her to the borders of the grave. She died August 27, 1825, before she was quite 17 years of age, in a peaceful, resigned state of mind, resting her hopes on the Lord Jesus Christ. The last word she uttered was the name of the gentleman who had placed her at school. She is said to have been as beautiful as she was good ; but her face had an expression of sadness.

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#### NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

*Memory's Tribute, or, Things profitable for reflection. First Series : The Baptism. By the author of the M'Ellen Family. Gen. Prot. Epis. S. S. Union. 1830. 12mo. pp. 36.*

This little work, just published by the General Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union, is as instructive as it is interesting. It has food for the head, and it has food also for the heart. It places us amid the attractive scenery, and sublime associations, of our northern inland seas. A clergyman is approaching a small village. And at the bland closing hour of summer's day, he indulges in reflections on that eternal rest, of which this sweet repose of eventide is emblematic. He passes onward, and ascends to the summit of a neighboring hill; when suddenly his eye rests, in full view, on a transporting prospect. He sees the elevating grandeur and inspiring sublimity of LAKE ONTARIO. He lingers for a moment, to indulge appropriate sentiments. But his official duties call him to another scene. The villagers, assembled in their house of prayer, are anxiously waiting his appearance. He is welcomed ; and without delay, he reads the impressive evening service of the Church. On leaving church, the clergyman, invited by Mr. Heyden, one

of the congregation, repaired with him to his house. But he was soon summoned to a neighboring farm-house, to view a touching spectacle. "A message," says he, "arrived from Mr. Northend's, requesting an immediate visit from the Rev. Mr. ——. The reason assigned for requesting the visit that night, was, that he feared he should not be alive on the morrow. The request was, of course, immediately complied with." Mr. Northend was found lying on his death-bed : a venerable old man "with locks as white as the snowwhite pillow upon which his head rested." His children and his grand-children are assembled. The clergyman draws near the sick man's couch, and the aged follower of Jesus says, "My desire is to receive once more before I die, if it be the Lord's will, *'the sacrament of the body and blood of Christ.'*" The solemn service is performed. And among those who then received the consecrated elements, are two sons and the only surviving daughter of Mr. Northend. "If you will now," said the sick man, "administer the sacrament of baptism to my grand-children, I will withdraw my thoughts from earth and rest them in the bosom of my God." The performance of this service acts on the venerable believer's soul, as if by inspiration. He now rises in his bed, and solemnly confers his benediction on his children and his grand-children, in the name of God. The youngest child, bearing his own name, *Henry Northend*, at his request is placed upon his lap. He lays his hand upon the infant, and ejaculates : "The God of my fathers, the great and merciful God, bless you, my child, and all of you my children. With great desire have I desired to see this hour; it has often been the subject of my prayer since lying upon this bed of sickness, and my prayer has been answered. Surely," continued he, addressing himself to the minister, "God has sent you here to baptize these little ones, and to administer to my children the pledges of a Saviour's dying love. Yea, and furthermore, to bury me." He then descended on his past life—the blessed ordinance of baptism—the condescending kindness of God—of the rapid approach of death—of the glorious and exalted appearance of the Saviour, at considerable length; but, the effort, necessary for the utterance of all his glorious thoughts, was overpowering; and the patriarch, as he sunk down upon his pillow, fell asleep in Jesus. After prayer the clergyman and Mr. Heyden left the weeping circle, and went homeward. It was nearly midnight. The sky was cloudless. The moon moved on through the resplendent vault of heaven most gloriously; around it twinkled ten thousand bright stars. The waters of Ontario stretched before us like a sea of glory, beautifully irradiated beneath the soft and mellow rays of the orb of night. Not a sound was heard save the gentle ripple that played over the surface of the lake. We had left the house of death. The scene around us was calculated to perpetuate the deep and solemn feeling that had been already excited. At length as we passed on, Mr. Heyden pointing to the heavens, said, "Henry Northend has gone to yonder bright world, and will shine like one of those stars in the kingdom of his master for ever and ever."

(To be Continued.)

**P O E T R Y .**

## THE RAINBOW.

The evening was glorious, and light through the trees,  
Plays the sun-shine and rain drops, the birds and the breeze;  
The landscape outstretching in loveliness, lay  
On the lap of the year, in the beauty of May.

For the Queen of the Spring, as she pass'd down the vale,  
Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale;  
And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours,  
And flush in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers.

The skies, like a banner in sunset unroll'd  
O'er the west threw their splendor of azure and gold;  
But one cloud at a distance rose dense, and increased,  
Till its margin of black touch'd the zenith, and east.

We gazed on the scenes, while around us they glow'd,  
When a vision of beauty appear'd on the cloud;—  
'Twas not like the Sun, as at mid-day we view,  
Nor the moon, that rolls nightly through starlight and blue:

Like a Spirit, it came in the van of a storm!  
And the eye, and the heart, hail'd its beautiful form?  
For it looked not severe, like an Angel of Wrath,  
But its garment of brightness illum'd its dark path.

In the hues of its grandeur, sublimely it stood,  
O'er the river, the village, the field, and the wood;  
And river, field, village, and woodlands grew bright,  
As conscious they gave and afforded delight.

'Twas the bow of Omnipotence; bent in His hand,  
Whose grasp at Creation the Universe spann'd  
'Twas the presence of God, in a symbol sublime.  
His Vow from the flood to the exit of Time!

Not dreadful, as when in the whirlwind he pleads,  
When storms are his chariot, and lightnings his steeds;  
The black clouds his banner of vengeance unfurl'd,  
And thunder his voice to a guilt stricken world;—

In the breath of his presence, when thousands expire,  
And seas boil with fury, and rocks burn with fire,  
And the sword, and the plague-spot with death strew the plain,  
And vultures, and wolves, are the graves of the slain:—

Not such was that Rainbow, that beautiful one!  
Whose arch was refraction, its key stone—the Sun;  
A pavilion it seem'd which the deity graced,  
And Justice and Mercy met there, and embraced.

Awhile and it sweetly bent over the gloom,  
Like Love o'er a death-couch, or hope o'er the tomb;  
Then left the dark scene, whence it slowly retired.  
As love had just vanish'd, or Hope had expired.

I gaz'd not alone but that scurce of my song ;—  
 To all who beheld it these verses belong,  
 Its presence to all was the path of the Lord !  
 Each full heart expanded—grew warm—and adored !  
 Like a visit—the converse of friends—or a day,  
 That Bow, from my sight, passed for ever away ;  
 Like that visit, that converse, that day—to my heart,  
 That bow from remembrance can never depart.  
 'Tis a picture in memory distinctly defined,  
 With the strong and unperishing colors of mind ;  
 A part of my being beyond my control,  
 Beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

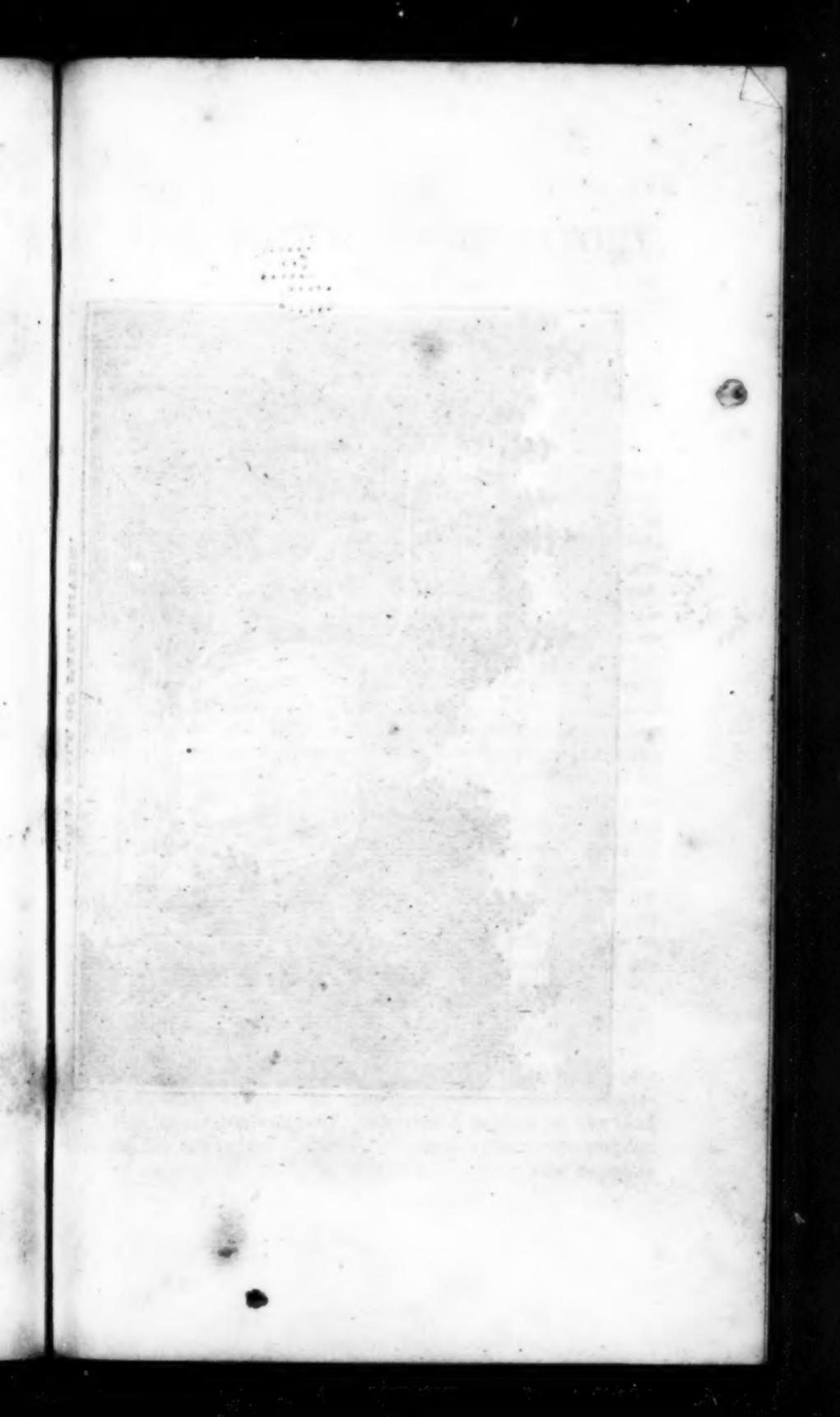
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### MORNING.

BY LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON.

[The author of the following elegant and touching lines, died a few years since in Plattsburg, New-York, at the age of seventeen. "She was a rare creature—one whose thoughts went upward as naturally as the incense of the flowers which she nourished—and who united with the very highest capacities of intellect, the affections and the meek love of a child. And she was a child, in years at least,—and yet young as she was—uneducated, and unprepared as she was—she has left a name behind, which few of her prouder contemporaries will ever attain. She passed away from among us like a bright but unenduring vision. But—here is her poetry—it is a perfect mirror of her soul."]

I come in the breath of the wakened breeze,  
 I kiss the flowers and I bend the trees—  
 And I shake the dew which hath fallen by night,  
 From its throne on the lily's pure bosom of white,  
 Awake thee, when bright from my couch in the sky ;  
 I beam o'er the mountains and come from on high,  
 When my gay purple banners are waving afar—  
 When my herald, gray dawn, hath extinguished each star—  
 When I smile on the woodlands, and bend o'er the lake,  
 Then awake thee, O ! maiden, I bid thee awake.  
 Thou may'st slumber when all the wide arches of heaven  
 Glitter bright with the beautiful fires at even ;  
 When the moon walks in glory, and looks down on high  
 O'er the clouds floating far through the clear azure sky,  
 Drifting onward—the beautiful vessels of heaven,  
 To their far away harbour all silently driven,  
 Bearing on in their bosom the children of light,  
 Who have fled from this dark world of sorrow and night ;  
 When the lake lies in calmness and darkness, save where  
 The bright ripple curls 'neath the smile of the star ;  
 When all is in silence and solitude here,  
 Then sleep, maiden, sleep, without sorrow or fear !  
 But when I steal silently over the lake,  
 Awake thee, then, maiden, awake ! Oh awake !



GREAT FALL OF FALL RIVER.

